Thy waſt bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my bloſſomes rownd.
The mouldie moſſe, which thee accloieth,
My Sinamon ſmell too much annoieth.
Wherefore ſoone I rede thee, hence remoue,
Leaſt thou the price of my diſpleaſure proue.
So ſpake this bold bryere with great diſdaine:
Little him anſwered the Dake againe,
But pielded, with ſhame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouerawed.
Yt chaunced after vpon a day,
The Hus-bandman ſelfe to come that way,
Of cuſtome for to ſeruewe his grownd,
And his trees of ſtate in compaſſe rownd.
Him when the ſpitefull bryere had eſpyed,
Caul leſſe complained, and lowdly cryed
Unto his Lord, ſtirring vp ſterne ſtrife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaſeth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Cauſed of wrong, and cruell conſtraint,
Which I your poore Vaſſall dayly endure:
And but your goodnes the ſame recure,
Am like for deſperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.
Greatly aghaſt with this piteous plea,
Him reſted the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words tho gan this proude weede,
(As moſt vſen Ambitious folke:)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.
Ah my ſoueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primroſe of all thy land,
With flowring bloſſomes, to furniſh the prime,
And ſcarlot berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Dake,

Whoſe bodie is ſere, whoſe bra
Whoſe naked Armes ſtretch vn
Unto ſuch tyrannie doth aſpire:
Hindering with his ſhade my lo
And robbing me of the ſwete ſon
So beate his old boughes my te
That oft the bloud ſpringeth fro
Untimely my flowres forced to
That bene the honor of your Co
And oft he lets his canker wor
Upon my braunches, to worke
And oft his hoarie locks downe
Where with my freſh flowrett
For this, and many more ſuch o
Crauing your goodlihead to aſ
The ranckorous rigour of his
Nought aſks I, but onely to hol
Submitting me to your good fu
And praying to be garded from
To this the Dake caſt him t
Well as he couth: but his enem
Had kindled ſuch coles of diſple
That the good man noulde ſtay
But home him haſted with furi
Encreaſing his wrath with ma
His harmefull Hatchet he hent
(Alas, that it ſo ready ſhould ſta
And to the field alone he ſpeede
(Ay little helpe to harme there
Anger nould let him ſpeake to t
Enaunter his rage mought coo
But to the roote bent his ſturdy
And made many wounds in the
The Axes edge did oft turne ag
As halfe vnwilling to cutte the
Semed, the ſenceleſſe pron dyd
Or to wrong holy eld did forbea